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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Our Task in Cuba.

The Spaniards are gone from Cuba and the American task of assisting the people to establish a stable government begins throughout the island.

It is a task of delicacy which will make ceaseless demands upon the intelligence, patience and tact of those to whom it is intrusted.

Our military men need to have it borne in upon them steadily that we are not in Cuba as conquerors, but as liberators, that conciliation must mark our policy at all points, and that the duty should not be neglected for a day of dissipating the fears of the people that under the guise of friends we are aiming at supplanting the Spanish tyrant whom we have banished.

The Cubans, on their side, are justly required by us to submit with cheerfulness to acts of power the design of which is to preserve the peace and allay the passions of the war, and the hatreds, racial and class, engendered by it. Those among them who are acquainted with us know that the American people in the mass have too high a regard for the national honor not to insist that the pledge of this Government to give independence to Cuba shall be fulfilled to the letter. There is no public man of standing among us who would dare to advocate the breaking of that solemn and voluntarily given promise.

There will be clashings and disappointments and mortifications, for the Cubans who have fought for Cuba Libre are naturally restive in the position of subordination to which for a time they are necessarily relegated. Men who fight for their country's liberty cannot be expected to take kindly to tutelage on the soil which has been reddened by their own and their perished comrades' blood. Nevertheless it will depend very largely upon the bearing of the Cuban soldiers, who are Cuba's best men, how long the American occupation shall continue.

Peace to Cuba, and self-control and patriotic resolution to submit quietly to trying transitory conditions!

A CABLE SCHEME BLOCKED.

The Administration, through Secretary Hay, has disapproved the contract entered into between the Hawaiian Government and the Pacific Cable Company of New York. The contract gave the New York company exclusive cable rights between Hawaii and the United States and Japan.

Secretary Hay's veto upsets a neat little project engineered by J. Pierpont Morgan and others, to control the Hawaiian cable, but it does not interfere with the early laying of such a cable by the United States.

The necessity for a cable connection has been repeatedly shown before and since the islands were annexed. Our growing interests in the Pacific demand that this Government be in touch with all its dependencies.

The cable will be built by the United States. Congress will not stand in the way of the President's expressed intention to put into practical operation the plans already devised.

LITTLE MR. BAILEY.

Practically Mr. Bailey, of Texas, has already been eliminated from the Democratic leadership of the House. But his retention of even an ostensible claim to the position annoys, mortifies and embarrasses the members. Men of sense decline to follow his lead, and when there is any real leading to do it is not done now by Mr. Bailey. It is certain that at the next session he will be retired nominally as well as actually and a democrat of adult judgment and ability step into the now vacant shoes—Richardson, of Tennessee; Bankhead, of Alabama; Sulzer, of New York, or some other Democrat in touch with the times and in sympathy with the views of the party.

Mr. Bailey's chief function at present, as it has been for a long time past, is to make the Democracy ridiculous. Nature endowed him with an egotism which would have qualified him for tenor roles on the operatic stage had a voice been thrown in with the self-esteem. That self-esteem Mr. Bailey has cultivated with an assiduity which, could it have been diverted to intelligent study of politics, might have made him a statesman. As matters stand, we have a young man whose ignorance of popular tendencies and indifference to what others know to be popular sentiment have caused him to become the jest of his party associates. His talent for being wrong is so conspicuous that any Democratic member who speaks of him as a leader does so with a grin. But Mr. Bailey lives in solemn unconsciousness of his political inefficiency, and the impregnable bulwark of his vanity protects him against knowledge of the estimate in which he is held by his colleagues.

Mr. Bailey is an absurdity. The Democratic party has troubles enough to endure without burdening itself with a young man who, to the extent of his right to claim authority in its councils, renders it an object of laughter.

THE GREAT SUNDAY JOURNAL.

There were many features of yesterday's Sunday Journal that made it surpass in exceptional interest all of its contemporaries. It was a cosmopolitan newspaper. It appealed to every taste. It touched upon every question of national importance. There was no phase of the day's news that was not told and pictured skilfully and artistically.

Even the Journal's millions of readers will hardly realize how rich a banquet was spread before them until a detailed recital is made of its achievements.

There was a cartoon by Davenport which powerfully depicted Uncle Sam's invitation to the Spaniard to "get off the earth." Davenport is the most gifted of all cartoonists, with that indefinable touch of genius which puts him at the head of his profession. His work can only be found in the columns of the Journal.

New developments in the great poison mystery were made exclusively in the Journal. A dramatic chapter that may lead to the arrest of the criminal added fresh interest to this absorbing tragedy.

Colonel W. J. Bryan contributes a clear, logical and timely article on the proposed increase of the army to 100,000 men, showing the danger of this surrender to the spirit of militarism. He also deals sympathetically with the question of mustering out the volunteers. His opinions are the expression of his personal experience as a soldier, and they represent the views of a large element of the Democratic party.

With all due respect to the secrecy maintained by the President and the State Department about the Peace Treaty, the Journal publishes the official text of this important document. The Senators who will confirm or reject this treaty read it in yesterday's Journal, and their comments will be found in another column of to-day's paper.

The awarding of the Journal's unique prize of $1,000 for the best prophecy of the events of 1898 was most readable. The winner, whose foresight was exceedingly accurate, states that he learned to read the future by a close study of the Sunday Journal.

Among the many news stories that could not be found elsewhere the Journal described the wonderful new residence of W. C. Whitney, the astonishing bribery of messenger boys to aid in the rifling of Mrs. Henry Sloane's letters, the disagreement between O. H. P. Belmont and August Belmont, the striking table showing the millions made by the millionaires in 1898.

The Journal's crusade against Roberts, the polygamous Congressman from Utah, has received indorsements from all part of the country.

The quality of the Journal's special articles is universally conceded. Its staff of writers is unequalled. Arthur McEwen, Ambrose Bierce, Alan Dale, "Mr. Dooley," Cholly Knickerbocker, Winifred Black, Jessie Wood, Reginald de Koven, Garrett P. Serviss and many others form a brilliant array of special contributors.

The Sunday Journal is the only newspaper that gives free a piece of sheet music with each copy. It is the only paper that prints a four-page colored section devoted entirely to humor.

Taken in its entirety, last Sunday's Journal represented the highest development of the modern newspaper, clean and enterprising, reflecting the vital facts of the day fully and accurately, and giving luminous expression to every uplifting national thought.

A NEGRO'S GREAT WORK.

While Afro-American conventions are being held to denounce the President for ignoring the race question in his message, and delegations of colored men call upon him to urge political recognition of the negro, one black man goes on with a work that is doing more for his people than all the conventions, all the speech-making, all the agitators and all the strings of resolutions against a prejudice that can never be talked away nor lessened except by the elevation of those who suffer under it.

In the black belt, at Tuskegee, Ala., Booker T. Washington for seventeen years has been evolving a great industrial college and turning out young men and women trained to enter the professions and trades.

Thanks to him, colored teachers, blacksmiths, engineers, carpenters, dairymen, wagon-makers, bricklayers, stone-masons, nurses, house servants and what-not, by the hundred, are employed throughout the South.

Every one of the men and women who owe their knowledge and skill to Booker Washington is a missionary among his people, for each of these graduates excites ambition in the more humbly placed negroes round about to achieve like advancement either for themselves or their children.

No man in this country deserves praise and encouragement more than this Moses, who is pointing the way for his race to reach the promised land. He is not unmindful of the political aspect of the negro problem, nor blind to the fact that industrial conditions beyond his power to remedy press upon his people as upon the poor whites. But he is above everything a practical man and gives the best thought of his good brain and the most of his remarkable energy to raising the status of the individual negro who shows exceptional desire and capacity for improvement. While others talk he works, and one of his graduates is worth more to the negroes of the South than any number of eloquent convention speeches.

The white men of the South, those who passionately resist negro ascendancy in politics, honor Booker Washington and give him assistance in sustaining and enlarging his college. Travel anywhere through the black belt and you will hear only respectful words concerning Booker Washington as a man and as an educator. He is esteemed for his intellect and his character, and his best friends are whites to whom agitators are poison. They recognize that he is devoted heart and soul to the interest of his people and that his lot is thrown in with theirs. He conquers ill will by making it manifest that he seeks to make the negro fit for citizenship by educating his brain and hands and inspiring him with a resolution to climb out of vassalage to poverty. Nobody has reason to fear the votes of negroes who have gone through Booker Washington's institute.

A CHANCE TO BEAT QUAY.

Upon the decision of State Senator Dave Martin will depend the re-election or defeat of Senator Quay. The rival Republican factions are gathering at Harrisburg. The opponents of Quay, headed by John Wanamaker and a delegation from the Business Men's League, will reach the State capital today. They are confident that Senator Martin, who has a large following in the Legislature, will refuse to accept any overtures from the Quay side. On the other hand, Quay claims that there will be no serious opposition to his re-election.

Pennsylvania has never had so good an opportunity to wipe out the stain that Quay's retention in the Senate has put upon its good name. To re-elect him means to indorse the conduct for which he stands indicted: it means to condone his course in the past, and to say to the world that the Republican party of Pennsylvania is proud of his leadership and approves of his discreditable record.

The defeat of Quay would be a triumph of decency in which the whole country would share.

EDITOR WARDNER'S BACKDOWN.

Torrey E. Wardner, editor of the Boston Traveler, in jail for expressing in his newspaper his honest opinion of the conduct of a suit before the Superior Court of Massachusetts, was an admirable figure. This same Wardner, crawling subserviently before the Judge who sentenced him and signing his name to a servile apology, is an abject creature, unworthy of the sympathy and support his appeal to the press of America brought forth.

If Wardner was guilty of unwarranted aspersions on the Court his sentence of thirty days in jail was none too heavy. If his criticisms were just and an humble citizen was deprived of his rights by the power of a corrupt corporation, as intimated by Editor Wardner in his comments on the case, then he should have served his term in prison as a martyr to the cause of a free press.

In any event, he has injured his newspaper and made himself unworthy of respect.

WHITEWASH FOR CHICAGO ALDERMEN.

A Chicago Grand Jury has given the Aldermen of that city a certificate of character. It has not been able to find any ground for the charges of bribery in connection with the extension of the street railway franchises.

The people of Chicago will not accept this decision as conclusive. They know something about Aldermen, and they have had experience with street railway schemers. It has been demonstrated over and over again that when an Alderman wanted to be convinced there was always a representative of the street railroads at his saloon next morning with an unanswerable argument.

The Grand Jury pursued the somewhat original plan of summoning every member of the Board of Aldermen, and presumably asked each of them if any one had attempted to bribe him. This explains the failure of the inquisitorial body to confirm the suspicions that have become beliefs in the minds of the honest citizens of Chicago as to the guilt of certain Aldermen, who, despite protests and threats, voted to fasten a street car monopoly on the city for fifty years.

A corporation that spent $1,000,000 to bribe an Illinois Legislature would hardly strain at the Chicago Aldermanic gnat.

Everyday Tragedy.

"Hold up your hands!"

At this startling command every one of the six or eight stalwart men, taken by surprise, mechanically complied.

Then the voice was heard again, droning out these words:

"You and each of you do solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in the case now in hearing shall be the truth, the whole truth," etc.—Chicago Tribune.

All the Same to Him.

The travelling lecturer was occupying his time between stations by jotting down in his notebook a few impressions for future use.

Observing that the man in the seat directly in his rear was looking over his shoulder, he turned over a leaf and began to write in shorthand.

"Ah," genially observed the traveller behind him, presently, "you use the Pitman system, don't you? So do I."—Chicago Tribune.

THE PROPOSED CABLE TO MANILA.

SEVEN THOUSAND MILES OF WIRE ROPE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29.—The Hydrographic Office of the Navy is only waiting for the word to begin a survey of the route over which the contemplated cable from San Francisco to Manila is to pass. That portion of the path to be traversed which lies between the coast of California and the Hawaiian Islands was carefully mapped some years ago, but the remainder of the track, from Honolulu to Luzon, extends over a region of sea floor that is as yet unexplored.

The cable will go by way of Hawaii, of course, and thence to one of the islands of the Caroline group. A telegraph station, if nothing better, will be obtained by Uncle Sam in the latter archipelago. The distance from Honolulu to Ualan in the Carolines is 2,445 nautical miles. From Ualan—supposing that particular isle, the most easterly of the Carolines, to be chosen for the stopping place—the wire rope will extend 1,210 miles to Guam, which becomes the property of the United States by the new treaty with Spain. It will cover its last stretch, 1,372 miles, as a crow would fly from Guam to the Gulf of Dingala, which is on the east coast of Luzon. To reach Manila it would have to go around the Island of Luzon, and it will be a great saving of cable and of trouble also to make the landing on the east side, connecting with a telegraph crossing Luzon to Manila, only thirty-eight miles.

These distances are all official, as recorded at the Navy Department. If that from Honolulu to San Francisco, 2,089 miles, be added, it will be seen that the total length of the cable will be 7,116 miles. This, indeed, is practically an exact estimate. Be it observed, incidentally, that the miles referred to are always nautical miles, which are a little over one-seventh longer than ordinary land miles. It is estimated that the making and laying of the wire rope will come to about $1,000 a mile, so that the entire expense involved will be only $7,116,000. This includes everything except the preliminary survey, which, being performed by a naval vessel, will not appear as an item in the account.

This rope which is to wriggle its way beneath seven thousand miles of ocean, bringing two continents into close touch and communication, will be an inch and a quarter in diameter, and will weigh a ton and a quarter to the mile. The bill introduced in the House by Mr. Corliss, of Michigan, requires that the cable shall transmit at least fifteen words a minute, at not more than $1 a word, press matter to be at half rates.

At present a telegram sent from Manila to New York must go by way of Hong Kong, around Asia, across Europe, and under the Atlantic—13,600 miles under water and 700 miles over land. The cables being controlled by a monopoly, the price is about $3 a word. This monopoly will be smashed by the new trans-Pacific line.

The survey of the route of the contemplated cable from Honolulu to Manila will not require many months. The track to be followed will be as straight as possible from Hawaii to Ualan, again from Ualan to Guam, and finally from Guam to the Gulf of Dingala. This would be modified only where the bottom was found unsuitable.

Drowned mountains may be discovered in the path, and it would be necessary to go around them; or there might be submarine volcanic regions, which are to be avoided not only because of fear of future convulsions, but also for the reason that the water in such subaqueous territory is apt to contain chemical ingredients that have a destructive effect upon the cable. Apart from these matters, there is nothing complicated about the surveying, which consists merely in taking soundings at regular intervals and obtaining samples of the bottom materials. The sounding line is piano wire, and has a sixty-pound sinker on the end of it. The wire is wound on a reel, each turn of which registers one fathom, while a dial keeps record of the number of turns, a scale showing the tension and indicating the moment when the sinker reaches the bottom. When this happens a valve in the bottom of the sinker is forced up, and its interior is filled with soil. At the same time an automatic thermometer takes the temperature of the water, undue heat of which would indicate volcanic conditions.

When this work has been finished the experts of the Hydrographic Office in Washington will make a profile map hundreds of feet in length and drawn exactly to scale, showing the depths at regular intervals all across the Pacific. It will be like a sectional view of the ocean along the whole route, the water being represented prettily in blue and the bottom in brown. That part of the track which extends from San Francisco to Honolulu has already been mapped in this profile fashion, and it makes a very interesting panorama picture. Looking along it one sees that at a distance of fifteen miles from the California coast the depth is a mile and a half, and from that point on the bottom shelves gradually until the floor of the sea, a little less than three miles below the surface, is reached, 200 miles out. This is a vast level plain, hills being of rare occurrence. Five hundred and seventy miles west of San Francisco there is a huge drowned mountain two and a half miles high, over the topmost peak of which half a mile of water flows. This will be avoided by running the cable to the south of it. Six hundred miles from the California coast the floor of the ocean sinks to a depth of three and a half miles. This depth is maintained almost up to the Hawaiian Islands, though 200 miles east of Honolulu is another drowned mountain a mile and a half in height.

The Hawaiian Islands are merely a group of gigantic volcanic mountains rising abruptly out of the ocean floor and so lofty that the tops of them are exposed above the surface. Other mountains, submerged, may be found along the track from Honolulu to Luzon, but that remains to be ascertained. After leaving Hawaii the cable will quickly sink again to the normal floor of the sea, over which it will pass except when the neighborhood of the Carolines or the Ladrones is approached, when the water becomes more shallow. These two groups are merely outcrops of high elevations in marine regions where, through geological causes not worth discussing here, areas of the bottom have been uplifted.

From such occasional soundings as have been made it would appear that the ocean bottom from Honolulu to Ualan, from the Carolines to Guam, and from the Ladrones to Luzon is pretty much the same as it is everywhere else, having a normal depth of two and a half to three miles. There is no reason to suppose that any very deep holes exist, such as are found in the Caribbean Sea and to the eastward of Japan. The bottom all along the route is doubtless of the familiar ooze which covers nearly all of the ocean floor, grayish usually, sometimes greenish, and varied occasionally with patches of red or chocolate-colored clays. The ooze referred to is a mixture of finely-divided mud and the shells of tiny animals, mostly foraminifera, which live during their lifetime near the surface of the sea. This ooze serves to protect the cable, which is soon embedded in it. Unfortunately it is not found in the shallows, where the chemical action of decaying animal and vegetable matter has a bad effect upon the wire rope. The iodine in seaweeds is destructive to iron, and in the shallow waters the cable is attacked by the teredo and by a small shrimplike crustacean that bores holes in the gutta percha envelope.

The cable stations at Ualan and Guam will require no elaborate plant. For such purpose it is necessary merely to build a little house and haul a bight of the wire rope up on shore. Once established, it will be no great expense to maintain the cable across the Pacific. Breaks are rare, and usually are near shore; the wire rope embedded in the ooze of the depths will last for centuries. Marine animals are not disposed to interfere with such contrivances, though cables have been bitten by sharks and cut by swordfishes. One break in a transatlantic wire was caused by a whale which got entangled in it. When the line is completed it will be practicable to send a message around the world in three seconds. The plan contemplated is that when finished the cable shall be handed over to the Post Office Department, to be operated as part of the postal service. All net proceeds will be covered into the Treasury, and in this way the cable will be made to pay for itself in course of time. One thing worth considering incidentally is that the future commercial interests of the United States in China and elsewhere in the far East will be enormously benefited by this trans-Pacific wire. Some day, inevitably, all the islands of Polynesia will be connected by a network of cables.

RENE BACHE.

GOOD THINGS WE HAVE ANNEXED.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS AND POSTAL TELEGRAPHS.

Washington, Dec. 29. — The Hawaiian Commission has prepared a bill providing for the abolition of the Hawaiian postal savings bank system on the 1st of next July.

By the annexation of Porto Rico the Government finds itself with a postal telegraph system on its hands. For the present it will continue to work the lines.

—Newspaper Dispatches from Washington.

PEOPLE of progressive ideas have been trying for a good many years to induce the United States to follow other countries in the adoption of postal savings bank and telegraph systems, but American inertia has proved invincible. Now we have inadvertently annexed small samples of them, and if we can only be restrained from throwing the opportunity away we may learn so much from their management as to make us think it worth while to invest in them more extensively.

In America the thriftless philosopher who "blows in" his money as fast as he makes it is the only one that is really sure that he is going to get the benefit of it. Over all the rest hangs the chilling dread of a possible catastrophe. The workman puts his money in a savings bank, and lies awake at night fearing that the bank is going to break. To escape such a calamity the farmer hides his roll of bills in an old stove, and the cook lights a fire in it; or he conceals it in the linings of a superannuated coat, and his wife sells it to the ragman; or he buries it in the back yard, and burglars toast his feet over the fire until he disgorges his secret. The pushcart man intrusts his savings to a persuasive Italian financier who takes them to Italy and invests them in a baronial estate for himself.

The failure of the People's Home Savings Bank in San Francisco robbed twelve thousand depositors, many of whom were driven from independence to suicide, the poorhouse or the street. Wrecks of savings banks, from ocean to ocean, have spread destitution and misery among scores of thousands of the very choicest, the thriftiest and most independent of the working masses.

In England, France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, the Netherlands, Canada, New Zealand, Hawaii, or any other country possessing postal savings banks the apprehension that weighs upon the mind of the American owner of a little hoard is unknown. No depositor in one of those banks has ever lost a cent, and no such depositor even entertains the idea of the possibility of any loss. The Englishman who has succeeded in saving a penny can buy a stamp with it and paste it on a blank sheet of paper which the Post Office furnishes him for that purpose. When he gets twelve stamps he can take his sheet to the office and get a bank book. He is now a full-fledged postal savings bank depositor. He can keep on making deposits to any amount up to $1,000, provided he does not deposit over $250 a year. He can have Government securities bought for his account. He can buy a Government insurance policy or an old-age annuity. He can draw money at any one of the 11,000 post offices of the United Kingdom, so that his bank book serves the purpose of a universal letter of credit. He can draw or deposit money at any time from nine in the morning until six in the afternoon on ordinary days and until nine in the evening on Saturdays, while the private banks close early in the afternoon.

Two-thirds of all the savings bank deposits in Great Britain are in the postal banks. The same proportion in this country would put over $1,300,000,000 into the Treasury, enable us to redeem our entire bonded debt, build the Nicaragua Canal and lay the Pacific cable, and make the wage earners the only creditors of the United States.

Throughout the civilized world, outside of the United States, the transmission of telegrams is considered as essential a part of the business of the Post Office as that of letters. The International Bureau of Telegraphic Administrations represents forty-seven nations, with 850,000,000 inhabitants. All Europe is included in its scope, practically all Asia except China, all the civilized countries and provinces of Africa, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Peru, Nicaragua, Cuba, Porto Rico, and all of Australasia except South Australia. We are connected with it, not only through Porto Rico, but through the Philippines.

In countries with postal telegraphs the rates are so low that much of the correspondence that is done here by letter goes by wire. More telegraphic messages are sent in Great Britain than in the United States, with nearly twice the population. Sixpence will take an ordinary telegram from any office in the United Kingdom to any other. There is no monopolization of news franchises—any paper can get a complete telegraphic service, with leased wires, at reasonable rates. There is no discrimination among patrons. Queen Victoria has to pay her sixpence when she sends a private message, just as if she had to earn it.

In this country we have only a fragment of a Post Office. The most advanced foreign postal services not only carry letters and papers, like our own, but take care of savings, sell insurance, send telegraphic messages, handle baggage, forward express matter and do shopping for out-of-town purchasers. All these various functions are so closely related that the efficiency of all is promoted. You do not have to communicate with a bank, a telegraph office, an express office and a commission merchant to get an order executed—you have the whole affair attended to, with absolute security and the greatest celerity, by one visit to the Post Office, or even without going to the Post Office at all, by intrusting your commission to the carrier when he visits you on his rounds.

That is the way things are done in old fogy Europe, Asia and Africa. Thus far America has been too far advanced to have anything to learn from such teachers.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

THE PETROLEUM COCKTAIL.

FRANCE'S LATEST NOVELTY IN THE DRINKING LINE.

Paris, Dec. 30.—A new habit obtains among the cafe frequenters of Paris. This is the drinking of petroleum. The coal oil threatens to take the place of absinthe among fin de siecle drinkers. Overindulgence in the fluid produces an intoxication like that caused by alcohol, but more exhilarating. The taste for it has to be cultivated, and once acquired the habit is more difficult to discontinue than the taking of ordinary stimulants.

PETROLEUM, while being one of the most important articles of commerce at this time, has little or no therapeutic significance. Petrolatum, a semi-solid substance, is obtained from American petroleum by distilling off the lighter portions and purifying the residue. It consists of hydro-carbons, chiefly of the Marshgas series. It has been subjected to an extended trial by the physicians, but its application is almost entirely limited to its use as a base of ointments, or as a vehicle for the external application of drugs in a diluted form, such as carbolic acid, mercury, etc.

Internally, petroleum may be said to be of no therapeutic value aside from a very slight increase in weight that may result from its absorption. Numerous attempts have been made by the exploiters of pharmaceuticals to advance its employment as a succedaneum for cod liver oil, as a flesh forming agent and to arrest tissue waste, which is commonly met with in tuberculosis, but I am of the opinion that clinical experience would indicate that petroleum is of little value as a substitute for animal fat. In fact, no text books attach any importance to it as an internal medicament aside from its bland, lubricating properties.

Benzine and paraffine are both obtained from petroleum.

While it may be true that persons may become addicted to the use of petroleum, I do not believe that a state of intoxication could follow its use, and I have never seen or heard of the so-called "petroliques." It is quite true that after partaking of a meal consisting of hydro-carbon, the subject is thrown into a state of lassitude. This is frequently noticed among those who take their chief meal at noontime. This state of lassitude might be described as melancholia. It, however, is due to an increased accumulation of urea in the economy, and is better described as acute uremia. I have known of a case of mild intoxication following the accidental taking of benzine, and it may be that the petrolism mentioned by you is due to the fact that a small quantity of free benzine existed in the petroleum. I am quite sure, however, that the use of petroleum as a means of inducing intoxication is very much exaggerated, and I do not believe that it has reached a point that would justify the attention of the medical profession.

As stated before, petroleum is largely used as a means of applying drugs locally, and in this way large quantities are taken into the economy through the skin. Yet I have never heard of symptoms similar to those described by the French writer following its use, and it goes without saying that whether it be introduced by mouth or skin the effect would be the same. Not infrequently it is noticed that the application of large quantities of petroleum will set up a diarrhoea, with some slight intestinal hemorrhage.

Petroleum has also been advocated as an internal antiseptic by many persons engaged in the manufacture of the various petroleum-bearing pharmaceuticals, but experience shows that these claims have no foundation, since various bacteria may be cultivated in petroleum. Internally administered, petroleum is a heat forming food to a slight degree, just as sugar is. It also has slight diaphoretic and diuretic properties, and in this way may afford relief to a person who suffers from faulty renal activity. Its effect in this class of cases is similar to that of ordinary gin. Personally, I am very much opposed to the use of petroleum as a substitute for animal fats such as cod liver oil, for I fail to find clinical reports to support the claims of its advocates in these cases.

The American physicians are often spoken of as fickle therapists—that is, they are ever ready to discard an old drug for a new, in hopes that they will find something that is better than what they consider to be the best. The manufacturing pharmacists are always ready to take advantage of this peculiarity of the physicians, and, as a natural consequence, petroleum was offered in various forms as a panacea; but among the advanced thinkers we find but little value attached to this product, aside from its being an economical and convenient means of applying medicines locally.

VICTOR LIMERICK, M. D., Ph. C.

Another Anecdote of the Mad Mullah.

One day the Mad Mullah, while walking abroad, was accosted by a fellah, or feller, it matters not which.

"Hey, there!" called out the feller.

"Hay?" exclaimed the celebrated fanatic, in some surprise. "My good man, you doubtless confuse me with Maude Muller! Mad Mullah, if you please! Yes!"

As for the feller, he laughed servilely.—Detroit Journal.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Lady (excitedly)—Have you filed my application for a divorce yet?

Lawyer—No, madam; but I am at work on the papers now.

Lady—Thank fortune, I am not too late! Destroy all papers and evidence at once, please.

Lawyer—A reconciliation has been brought about between you and your husband, I infer?

Lady—Gracious, no! He was run over and killed by a freight train this morning, and I want to retain you in my suit against the company for damages.—Chicago News.

Why He Did It.

"I do not understand," said the Justice, "how it is that you, who are usually such a mild-mannered man, should make such an assault upon this man."

"Well, Judge," explained the prisoner, "there was an assault to be avenged.

"Yes?"

"And my wife knew of it."

"Yes?"

"Well, Judge, you are a married man, and you know how it is yourself. If I didn't turn in and thrash this man I would have had to sneak in the back way with my boots off for the next thirty days. It was a choice of two evils."—Chicago Post.

Discontent.

"Nobody," said the man who puts in his life thinking up things that people said long ago, "is content with what he obtains easily and possesses in abundance."

"That's true," answered his friend. "Look at the Standard Oil Company. Has millions of gallons of petroleum and has to go burning books."—Washington Star.

Cause and Effect Again.

"Jane Simpkins has stopped laughing so heartily at her husband's jokes."

"Yes, Christmas is over."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.